

they lift him higher by daidalos_ikaros

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Summary:

Steve comes out to Jonathan and Nancy.

they lift him higher

Author's Note:

Title based off of this Oprah quote: "Surround yourself with only people who are going to lift you higher."

"Guys?" Steve's voice is soft and shy, and Nancy's hand stops carding through his hair, worried.

Jonathan, sat on the other side of her, cradled against her body, looks at him. Steve feels small, head rested on Nancy's lap and both of their eyes on him, and he shifts on his spot knowing full well he can't back off now. He takes a deep breath.

"I think I'm queer," he blurts out, nervous and fast.

"Hey!" Nancy calls, frowning "don't say that, okay?" Steve's face falls and she rushes to cover her own mistake. "No, wait, I didn't mean it like that, Steve. I don't care who you like, God, I'm so stupid, I..."

"What Nancy is trying to say, Steve," Jonathan intervenes, "is that you can love whoever you love. And that it won't change our relationship with you in the slightest. But we'd like if you didn't use the word queer, because it seems like an insult. And you're far too good to insult yourself," he finishes, with a soft smile. Nancy smiles at him too, nodding at his words.

Steve sits up on the edge of the couch, looks at both of them like he doesn't believe them, sees the serious expression in their eyes. And then he cries. The sob that escapes his mouth is unexpected and sudden and he sheds some tears before Nancy grabs him in a hug, Jonathan following, and he holds onto them like they're his last hope.

"Th-thank y-you," he manages to let out, between sobs. "I'm sorry, I'm just... So relieved..." Jonathan hugs him tighter, as if he'd wanna give him his support through physical comfort.

"There's nothing to be thankful for," Nancy says, and then she adds,

"I'm sorry for confusing you."

"S all right, Nance," he says, cleaning up his tears with his hands and snuggling again, this time between the two of them.

"Did you... If you don't mind me asking, okay, Stevie? But do you... not like girls? Because you have one hell of a reputation, let me tell you," Jonathan asks, half joking. It works. Steve lets out a small laugh and keeps quiet for a moment, reflecting.

"No. I think I still like girls just as much as my reputation says. Which means, by the way, that if I was interested I could steal you this beauty anytime," he teases.

"Hey, first of all, I'm not something you can "steal", you caveman. Second of all I wouldn't go out with you and your pretty hair if you paid me, we had enough drama as it was. And third, I have a gun, so go and try to steal me," she finishes, with a laugh. Both boys laugh with her.

"Of course," Steve adds, "I could also try and steal you from her, which would also be interesting, right?" Steve smiles.

"What are you, suicidal? And besides, why would you want to steal *me*?"

"Why not? To be honest you're apparently a great boyfriend, your taste in music is great, and I could give you fashion advice," he says, smiling. Jonathan mocks outrage.

"Well, *excuse me* if I don't have a different stripy polo for each day of the month, mister I-couldn't-be-preppier-if-I-tried."

"Oh, shut up, Jonathan!" Steve says, and as Nancy and him keep talking and laughing, he drifts off a bit, asking himself what he has done to deserve friends like them.

Author's Note:

Come talk to me on [tumblr](#). Please leave kudos and comments! They fuel me!

This will most likely have a part two where this crew go to the '85 Chicago Pride Parade.